

A Fawcett Publication

Gabby Hayes

Western



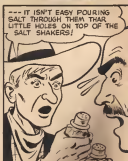
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NO. 19



IN THIS ISSUE: ***GUNSMOKE AT EAGLE ROCK!***



GABBY HAYES WESTERN.

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APPROVED
READING

GABBY HAYES

and
The
HEADLESS HORSEMAN

An eerie villain who couldn't get a head in the world is bent on getting Gabby's! No wonder terror grips the range, and strong men cower before THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN!

LATE AT NIGHT, GABBY DRIVES AUNT HESTER AND ELLIE HEMPSTEAD HOME TO THE RINE NOTHING RANCH!

HAVE YOU HEARD OF THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN? FOLKS SAY HE ROAMS THE RIVER ROAD AND WERE ON IT!

IMAGINE! A MAN WITH NO HAID!

IT'S PLUMB HOOHASH! WHERE IS THIS HANDLESS HOMBRE? I'D LIKE TO MEET HIM FACE TO FACE!

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GABBY HAYES WESTERN





GABBY HAYES WESTERN

ALL NINETY LONG, GABBY LABORS TO FREE HIMSELF; BY THE NEXT DAY, WORD HAS SPREAD OF HIS ABSENCE FROM THE BAR NOTHING.

SHORE IS A SHAME ABOUT POOR OLD GABBY; HIS HEART WAS ALMOST AS BIG AS HIS MOUTH!



IT DON'T PAY TO BICK THE HAIDLESS HORSEMAN!



WE'LL JUST HAVE TO KEEP OFF THE PUBLIC GRAZING LANDS IN THE RIVER VALLEY, APPEARS TO BE THE HAIDLESS HORSEMAN'S OWN TERRITORY!

IT'S SHORE SOONNA BE HARD ON MY CATTLE; I COUNTED ON THAT GRASS!



MEANWHILE, COLD AND MUDDY, GABBY FINALLY EMERGES FROM THE POND.

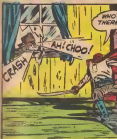
BRRR! I GOT THE CHILLS!



I GOTTA WARM UP SOMEHOW! IF IT LOOKS SAFE, I'LL SLIP INTO THAT HOUSE AND MAKE A FIRE!



I'VE WON! ALL TEN THOUSAND ACRES OF THE PUBLIC GRAZING AREA ARE UNDER MY CONTROL! BRRR! THAT FIRE LOOKS PLUMB FURTY!



WHO'S THERE?



BLAST IT! DON'T YOU EVER STAY PUT?



GABBY HAYES WESTERN









Western QUIZ

HERE'S AN OPPORTUNITY TO BE A BUIE AND SEE HOW MANY QUESTIONS YOU CAN ANSWER... 5 CORRECT, EXCELLENT! 4 CORRECT, GOOD! 3 OR 2, FAIR! AND 1, POOR!

1 A HARTINGALE IS A PRAIRIE BIRD.

☐ True ☐ False

2 CARSON CITY, NEVADA, IS FURTHER WEST THAN LOS ANGELES.

☐ True ☐ False

3 ARIZONA IS THE SECOND BIGGEST CATTLE RAISING STATE IN THE UNITED STATES.

☐ True ☐ False

4 AN AYRESHIRE IS A TYPE OF TEN GALLON HAT.

☐ True ☐ False

5 A CREE IS AN INDIAN TRIBE.

☐ True ☐ False

6 THE STATE OF NEVADA IS THE ONLY STATE IN THE U.S. THAT HAS A STATE CAPITAL IN A DESERT.

☐ True ☐ False

YOUNG FALCON

*and THE
STRANGE
SLEEP!*

YOUNG FALCON, LONE HUNSMAN OF THE WOODS, STOPS AT THE TRIBAL CAMP OF SOME FRIENDS! IT IS THE SEASON WHEN THE INDIAN TRIBES HAVE AMASSED THE SUMMER'S TRAPPINGS OF FURS TO TAKE THEM TO MARKET TO SELL! YOUNG FALCON WONDERS HOW HIS FRIENDS HAVE FARED! BUT, ENTERING THE CAMP, HE FINDS A STRANGE SIGHT AS--

I CANNOT MAKE ANY OF THEM! THEY ARE ALL STRANGELY SLEEPING! BUT THE SUN IS HIGH AND THIS IS NOT A TIME FOR SLEEP!



THE TRIBAL KETTLE STILL BURNS, AND THEIR DISHES OF FOOD LAY ABOUT! YET EVEN CHIEF RED HORSE, HERE, SLEEPS!



YOUNG FALCON PEERS INTO THE HALF-DARKNESS OF A TEEPEE, WHEN SUDDENLY, FROM ONE SIDE--



YOUNG FALCON IS DOWNED-- UNCONSCIOUS! LATER--HE WAKENS SLOWLY AND RECALLS

OOOH, MY HEAD! WHAT A BLOW! AND MY FRIENDS, THEY ARE STILL IN THAT STRANGE SLEEP! I WILL TRY WAKING THE CHIEF AGAIN!



THIS TIME, THE CHIEF WAKENS, AND STILL HALF-DAZZLED, TELLS YOUNG FALCON HIS STORY—

WE WERE ABOUT TO HAVE THE NOONDAY MEAL WHEN A TRAVELER APPEARED! HE WAS WEARY AND ASKED FOR AID! OF COURSE, WE OFFERED HIM SOME FOOD—



"THE MAN WAS SO HUNGRY HE HOVERED BESIDE THE TRIBAL KETTLE TILL WE GAVE HIM A DISH OF FOOD! THEN WE ALL SAT DOWN TO OUR MEAL! I RECALL SUDDENLY FEELING VERY SLEEPY—"

I FEEL SO TIRED, SO DROWSY!—

I FEEL MUCH BETTER, THANKS TO YOUR HOSPITALITY!



AND THAT'S THE LAST I REMEMBER TILL YOU WAKENED ME! NOW, I SEE I WAS NOT ALONE IN FALLING ASLEEP! THE REST OF MY PEOPLE STILL SLUMBER! AND THIS TRAVELER, HE IS GONE!

IT IS PLAIN THAT, WHILE NO ONE WATCHED, HE THREW SOME KIND OF DRUG INTO THE TRIBAL KETTLE! IT MADE EVERYONE FALL ASLEEP AFTER EATING, WHILE HE ONLY WATCHED AND WAITED!



I KNOW NOT WHY HE WOULD DO THIS! PERHAPS, HE WANTED TO STEAL SOMETHING?

STEAL! COME, QUICKLY, TO THE STOREHOUSE! OUR SEASON'S TRAPPINGS OF FURS ARE THERE!



GONE! EVERY ONE OF OUR FURS STOLEN! SO, THIS EXPLAINS IT!



WE WILL NEVER CATCH THAT COYOTE! LOOK, MY BRAVES STILL SLEEP EVEN IF THEY WAKE, THE DRUG WILL BE HEAVY UPON THEM, AS IT IS ON ME, YET!

I WILL GO AFTER THIS TRAVELER! YES, I HAVE A LITTLE SOMETHING TO SETTLE WITH HIM, TOO!



SOON AFTER, YOUNG FALCON HURRIES THROUGH THE FORESTS—

BEYOND HIGH RIDGE IS THE TRIBAL CAMP OF THE OMAHONTAS TRIBE! THEY, TOO, WILL HAVE THEIR SEASON'S FURS STORED FOR SELLING, AND I WAGER THAT TRAVELER WILL TURN UP THERE!



WHEN YOUNG FALCON REACHES THE ONARONTA CAMP, THE EVENING MEAL IS NEAR-READY AND THE TRAVELER HAS ALREADY ARRIVED, SO---

I COME A LONG WAY, O CHIEF, AND I AM WEARY! MAY I REST WITH YOUR PEOPLE?

OF COURSE, YOUNG BRAVE! SEE, THAT MAN, TOO, FRUSTRATED WITH US! WE ARE ABOUT TO EAT! I WILL SEE YOU PARTAKE WITH US!

THANK YOU, CHIEF!

HE HAS NO SACK! HE MUST HAVE THE FURS STORED SOMEPLACE! I CANNOT ACCUSE WITHOUT EVIDENCE! SO, I WILL REMAIN SILENT AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

YOUNG FALCON IS GIVEN SOME FOOD, BUT THEN, WHILE NO ONE WATCHES---

THE TRAVELER HAS APPARENTLY BEEN AT THE TRIBAL KETTLE ALREADY! I SHALL GET RID OF THIS FOOD IN MY OWN WAY! I NOTICE THE TRAVELER HAS FOOD-- BUT EATS NOT!

MOON---

THE BRAVES FALL ASLEEP ALREADY! I WILL APPEAR TO DO THE SAME!

WHEN, AS HE FEIGNS DRUGGED SLEEP, YOUNG FALCON WATCHES THE TRAVELER RISE, AND---

HE HEADS FOR THE TEEPE WHERE THE TRIBE'S FURS ARE STORED, NOW THAT EVERYONE'S ASLEEP! I WILL LET HIM TAKE THE FURS AND FOLLOW HIM! HE'LL LEAD ME TO WHERE HE'S HIDDEN THE OTHERS!

THERE HE GOES!

LATER, IN THE DEEP FOREST, YOUNG FALCON FOLLOWS THE TRIPER UNTIL---

SO, HE HAS FRIENDS! NO WONDER HE DISPOSED OF THE OTHER FURS SO QUICKLY!



GABBY HAYES

GUNSMOKE at EAGLE ROCK

Gabby may be a comical ole waddy, but you can't laugh him off, as three outlaws discover when they almost **DIE** laughing in **GUNSMOKE at EAGLE ROCK**

LAND SAKES, GABBY! WHY GET SO HET UP? I ONLY SAID TIPPY WENT HUNTING FOR EAGLE EGGS AT EAGLE ROCK!

DON'BUST IT! SOON AS I GRAB A LITTLE SHUTEYE THAT SPROUT GETS INTO TROUBLE!



DIDN'T YUH EVER HEAR OF HEARTLESS MCQUE AND HIS CUT-THROAT PARDS?

GOOD GRIEF! YOU DON'T MEAN THE ESCAPED OUTLAWS?

I'VE A HUNCH MEBBE THEY HOLED UP AT EAGLE ROCK! IT'S GOOD HIDE-OUT COUNTRY!



CORKER IS THE ONLY HORSE IN THE WEST WHO KNEELS WHILE HIS MASTER MOUNTS!



IF TIPPY STUMBLES ACROSS THEM VARMINTS, THEY'LL KILL HIM!

DIG DIRT, CORKER!



GABBY HAYES WESTERN



GABBY HAYES WESTERN



GABBY HAYES WESTERN







LOBO KILLER

A "Buck Desmond" Story

By Dick Kraus

ONE autumn morning, the lobo killer struck for the first time. Pedro Martinez, a Lampasse Valley sheepherder, was clambering down over a sparsely foliaged slope when he saw fifteen of his best lambs lying dead. Their throats were pitifully torn—the work of a wolf or mountain lion. Looking up, the sheepherder saw the killer racing away in the distance. It was a huge black wolf, padding swiftly through the underbrush. Desperately, Martinez ran to get his gun. But, by the time he returned, the beast had long disappeared in the hills.

Up and down the valley floor, the story was the same. Calves, mares, colts . . . all fell victim to the savage killer. And then old Jud Baker showed up with frightening news, news that spread like wildfire among the scattered ranches and farms of the valley.

"I was riding along the valley road," the white-haired rancher said, "when I saw him. Just for a second—not long enough to shoot. But I could see that he was slavering white from his jaws . . . and his eyes were wild. He's plumb loco, I tell you. He's got rabies!"

Swiftly, the men of the valley assembled—and with them the rambling cowboy, Buck Desmond, who had been riding through when the wolf struck for the first time.

"This is real bad, gents," Buck said. "I reckon you know what it means when a wolf goes loco. He won't stop at anything. He'll attack livestock and people! All he has to do is nip you, and his poison'll get into you. And if he bites one of the dogs on any of these ranches—why, you're practically certain to have a rabies epidemic!"

Somberly, the ranchers nodded. One of them, hand-rolling a twisted cigarette, tucked the mekins into his pocket. "What do you reckon we ought to do, Buck?"

Buck Desmond's jaw tightened. "Go out and get him," he said. "Saddle up, every mother's son. Comb the flatlands and the slopes and the ridges until we find that crazy killer and finish

him off! This valley won't be safe until we do!"

BUCK'S ADVICE was good, and the ranchers and farmers took it.

Dividing up the region into rough sectors, they split up, riding away in pairs. Buck, assigned to cover several canyons in the upper end of the valley, found himself paired up with young Clint Baker, old Jud Baker's son. Together, they rode along, keen eyes exploring every inch of the land, searching behind every clump of grass and mesquite, questioning every moving thing.

As he rode, Buck found his eyes turning to young Clint more and more. For the boy, while he had said nothing, seemed to be growing increasingly tense and nervous! His hand clung tightly to his carbine, and his lips were pressed together in a thin bloodless line. From time to time, his eyes flickered wildly from side to side. Once, when a cottontail sprang out from beside a bush, he began to cry aloud in terror—until he saw what it really was.

"Let's stop here for a second," Buck said, indicating a tall cottonwood that threw a cool shade on the hot canyon floor.

His blue eyes indicated his sympathy and understanding. His lean brown hand gripped the youth's shoulder reassuringly. "This job bothers you, Clint?" he asked. "How old are you, son?"

"Sixteen," Clint Baker replied. "It's not that . . ." he said. "Ordinarily, I'm not afraid of most things. Riding a salty bronc, or hazing ornery longhorns—that's all right . . ." Then his mouth twisted. "But I—I'm plumb sick and afraid of wolves," he said. "I had a ruckus with one when I was about eight years old. Another tells and myself were camping out when a big black one attacked us. Slashed my pal's throat. Killed him. I—I managed to wing him with my twenty-two gun. Just clipped one ear, but he got scared and ran off . . ."

"I see," Buck nodded. "And since then,

you've been leery of wolves . . ."

"Yes!" the boy said quietly. "I can't explain it—but just the thought of them terrifies me! Pa knows it. I pleaded with him not to make me come along. But he laid down the law. He said the only way I could get over being a coward about wolves was to go after them—try and get one! That's why I'm here!"

Buck grinned.

"I see . . ." he said. "Well, stick close by me, son, and we'll see what happens. Chances are this old loco varmint has skedaddled out of the valley by now, anyway!"

But the rabies-crazed wolf had not fled the Lampass land!

For, half an hour later, as they kneed their dusty ponies up a narrow bend in the trail, Buck suddenly rose in his stirrups. His arm shot out at a form lying by a huge boulder.

"Look there!"

It was a dead steer, throat slashed by cruel fangs! And the flies had scarcely begun to settle on the carcass! The kill was only minutes old!

"Quick!" husked Buck, reining his bronc off the trail toward the slain animal. "This is the work of that loco wolf, and he must be right around!" Side by side the man and the boy leaped toward the steer. Buck's desert-trained eyes caught a smear of blood on the boulder, and another against a leaf, further up the slope. Together, they raced up the incline, hot on the trail. It was then that it happened!

THERE WAS A SAVAGE, throaty snarl, and a black form launched itself from the underbrush straight at them! It was the loco wolf—huge and powerfully muscled, eyes gleaming yellow, white foam dripping from long, razor-like fangs! Straight at Buck's horse, the killer lunged! With a shrill whinny of fear, the bronc reared back, twisting wildly. At the same moment, Clint Baker, dropping his gun, spurred his pony away, averting the charge of the vicious beast!

As Buck's horse reared high in the air, the rambling cowhand sawed at the reins, trying to bring the bronc under control. But so terrified was the bay that, twisting to the side, it fell back. Unable to spring clear, Buck was partly pinned beneath the struggling horse!

Now the giant wolf, growling deep in his throat, whirled about. He had missed, in his first furious charge. But now the man was helpless, trapped beneath the horse that was fighting to rise. Sweat rolling down his forehead, Buck reached furiously for his carbine, on the

underside of the horse. He could not get his arm under—and all the while, the wolf was coming closer and closer!

The wolf was flattened close to the ground now, tail lashing from side to side, crouching, ready to spring! All at once, with a bestial growl, gathering all its steel-muscled strength, the crazed lobo sprang toward Buck!

But at that moment, another form lunged into Buck's vision! It was Clint Baker. In the split second before the wolf's mighty jaws could rip Buck's helpless throat, the rancher's son flung himself in its path. In desperation, his young hands clutched the beast's furry neck, holding his fangs away at arm's length! Together, the two rolled over and over—the wolf struggling to slash his human enemy, the boy trying as valiantly to prevent the bite that would mean almost certain death!

At this moment, Buck's horse managed to regain his footing and pull himself up. Swiftly, the rambling cowboy gripped his carbine, brought it to bear. For a moment, the wolf's huge head was brought in profile. Buck squeezed the trigger.

A shot echoed through the canyon, and the wolf fell back—lifeless. Trembling, Clint Baker passed a white hand over his forehead. "H-he almost killed y-you, Buck," he whispered.

Buck rose painfully and limped over to the youth. He put his arm around his shoulder. "He would have killed me," he said, "if you hadn't turned around and come back! You'd dropped your gun; it was practically sure death to do it! And you could just have run away . . ."

CLINT BAKER slowly shook his head from side to side. "No, I couldn't," he said hesitatingly. "I—I realized I had to square a debt. You remember, I told you about this buddy of mine that had been killed by a lobo years before? And how I just managed to wing that wolf with my twenty-two?"

Buck nodded wonderingly.

"But what does that—"

Clint Baker pointed a slender finger down at the slain lobo. Lying against the sand, they could see that its right ear had a jagged wound in it. It looked like an old scar, one that had been made years before. It was the kind of wound that might have been made by a boy's twenty-two . . .

THE END

GABBY HAYES

and THE WHITE ANTELOPE

LISSO THEM
GALLOPING JAWS
TOGETHER, YUH
OLE SPOUTER!
I AIM TO SAY MY
PIECE FIRST!

DINDBUST IT, BULLFROG,
QUIT YORE UGLY CROAKING!
YUH'LL DRIVE 'EM AWAY
AFERE I MAKE MY
OWN PALAVER!

Gabby Hayes and
Bullfrog Banks battle
to speak first before
the council of the
Antelope tribe, but the
gloomy chieftains can
think of nothing but
that fabulous creature,
that rare and elusive
omen of good luck,
The WHITE ANTELOPE!

LISSEN, CHIEFS!
AS THE FOREMAN
OF THE BAR NOTHING
RANCH I---

ONLY
ONE WAY
TO SHUT
THAT BUSY
MOUTH!

SOCK!

ORAT YORE
ORNERY HIDE!
I'LL FLING YUH
CLEAK BACK TO
YORE POND,
BULLFROG!



GABBY HAYES WESTERN



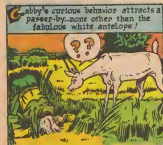


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Chief GRAY MATTER

